Extra Pants

Free

Will make a suit for $39.50 with extra pants, all wool and made to your measure. Fit guaranteed or no sale. 3-piece suit for $43.50—Extra pants.

Anders "The Tailor"

99 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
7-16-4t.

You don't buy coal for ornamental purposes.



You buy it for the heat that's in it. There's more heat in a ton of the Lumber, Coal & Supply Co's. Coal than in a ton and a half of most other kinds. You can easily prove this for yourself. Try a ton of our coal and observe the big difference in heat-giving results. We sell it.

LUMBER COAL & SUPPLY CO.
WESTMINSTER. MARYLAND.

SUGAR

100-lb. lots, $25.00 at "The Sullivan's Grocery"

M A. Sullivan, Prop'r.

90 W. Main St.,
Westminster. Maryland.

P. S. Act at once.
7-16-tf.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md., letters testamentary on the estate of

KITTY CROMWELL JONES

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 23rd day of February, 1921, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of July, 1920.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
7-23-5t Executor.

MICKIE SAYS



A Week of Entertainment

July 31st. to August 7th. Merry-go-round, music, refreshments. Hot country supper served every evening, 6 to 8 o'clock. St. John's Church grounds, Westminster, Md. The 1920 Lawn Fete. 7-2-3t

Better Than Ever!

The Carroll Co. Fair

Ohler's Grove Taneytown
August 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1920.

Fine Exhibit of Stock, Poultry and Farm Products and Liberal Premium List

Special Program of Amusemens and Attractions Each Day.

Big Live Stock Sale, Thursday, 12th.

For Premium List, and any desired imformation, address

Carroll County Fair Association,
TANEYTOWN, MD.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

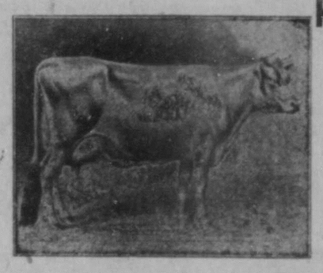
J. FRANCIS REESE, Prop'r.

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

Courtesy Efficiency
Service

Day and Night Phone 117

Auto Equipment



Highest Cash Price

Paid for all stock.
FARMERS! I have good acclimated mountain cows, fine large cows and heavy milkers. Priced right, from $85 to $160. Will ship every Saturday.

Phone 55-J.

Fattened stock hogs bought at gross weight.

CHARLES E. OWINGS, Westminster, Md.

WANTED AT ONCE

Young man 16 or 18 years of age to learn the Tinning and Plumbing Trade. Must be energetic, industrious and anxious to learn the trade. None other need apply. Bring references or be able to refer to some party who can give reference.

D. S. GEHR

Established 1866 The hardware man on the corner,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Qualified

We are qualified to carry out the instructions of those who Employ us because of our wide experience and because of our thoroughly modern equipment.

Our service is efficient and courteous and we are fair in all our business dealings.

H. Bankard & Son

Funeral Directors

Westminster, Md.

Phone 294

DR. FAHRNEY

DIAGNOSTICIAN

What is your weakness? Any kind of Chronic Disease or Deformity. I study these special cases and can tell what the trouble is. It is my aim to diagnose difficult cases and tell you what to do, and how to do it. Send me your name and address, and I shall do.

HAGERSTOWN, MD.

The E. A. Strout Farm Agency

Milton A. Sullivan, Agent
SECOND FLOOR
90 West Main St Westminster, Md

announces the following farms for sale:

18 acres with improvements.
98 acres with improvements.
107 acres with improvements.
67 1-2 acres with improvements.
28 acres with improvements.
9 1-2 acres with improvements only $2300.00.
130 acres with improvements only $6500.00.
54 acres with improvements only $6000.00.
46 acres with improvements.
50 acres with improvements only $5000.00.
74 acres with improvements.
110 acres with improvements only $5000.00.
58 acres with improvemetns only $6000.00.

These and other desirable farms for sale.

If you want to buy or sell your farm or property see Strout as the Strout Service is your service.

P. S. No information about farms given by phone. Either call at our office or write us.

7-16-tf.

FARM POULTRY

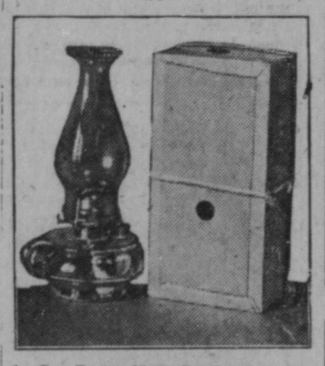
TESTING EGGS FOR HATCHING

Satisfactory Candler May Be Made With Shoe Box Large Enough to Cover Lamp.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An egg, whether impregnated or not, has a small grayish spot on the surface of the yolk known as the germinal spot. As soon as a fertile egg is placed under a hen or in an incubator development begins. All eggs should be tested at least twice during the period of incubation, preferably on the seventh and fourteenth days, and the infertile eggs and dead germs removed. White eggs can be tested on the fourth or fifth day, while the development in eggs having brown shells often can not be seen by the use of an ordinary egg tester until the seventh day. Dead germs soon decay and give off a bad odor if allowed to remain under the hen. Infertile eggs make good feed for young chickens and are often used in the home for culinary purposes. Most incubator companies furnish testing chimneys with their machines, which will fit ordinary lamps. Electric or gas lamps may be used in a box with a hole slightly smaller than an egg cut in the side of the box and at the same level as the light. They may also be tested by sunlight or daylight, using a shutter or curtain with a small hole in it for the light to shine through.

A good homemade egg tester, or candler, can be made with a large shoe box, or any box that is large enough to go over a lamp, by removing the end and cutting a hole a little larger than the size of a quarter in the bottom of the box, so that when it is set over a kerosene lamp the hole in the bottom will be opposite the blaze. A



An Egg Tester Made From a Shoe Box and a Common Lamp.

hole the size of a silver dollar should be cut in the top of the box to allow the heat to escape.

The eggs are tested with the large end up, so that the size of the air cell may be seen as well as the condition of the embryo. The testing should take place in a dark room. The infertile egg, when held before the small hole, with the lamp lighted inside the box, will look perfectly clear, the same as a fresh one, while a fertile egg will show a small dark spot, known as the embryo, with a mass of little blood veins extending in all directions, if the embryo is living; if dead, and the egg has been incubated for at least 46 hours, the blood settles away from the embryo toward the edges of the yolk, forming in some cases an irregular circle of blood, known as a blood ring. Eggs vary in this respect, some showing only a streak of blood. All infertile eggs should be removed at the first test. The eggs containing strong, living embryos are dark and well filled up on the fourteenth day, and show a clear, sharp, distinct line of demarcation between the air cell and the growing embryo, while dead germs show only partial development, and lack this clear, distinct outline.

FLOORS IN POULTRY HOUSES

Must Be Kept Dry, as Dampness Is Fatal to Both Young and Old Fowls—Also Keep Clean.

Poultry houses may be built with or without floors. In either case they should be dry, as damp floors make damp litters, and dampness is fatal to both fowls and chicks. If the house is on dry, sandy soil, a dirt floor is usually quite satisfactory, but as a rule it is more damp than board or cement floors, according to the United States department of agriculture. Dirt floors should be scraped and new soil put in two or three times a year to keep them sanitary. If board floors are used they should be both tight and smooth so far as to make them dry and easy to clean. If possible they should be eight or ten inches from the ground to allow a circulation of air and to prevent rats from harboring under them.

DUCKLINGS THRIVE ON MASH

Mixture of Cornmeal, Ground Peas, Bran and Middlings Is Fine for Young Fowls.

Growing ducklings thrive best on a feed composed of equal parts by measure of cornmeal, ground peas, bran and middlings, all made into a thick mash either with scalding hot water or milk. The mash is improved by adding short-cut green grass, clover or some other green stuff, and a few handfuls of coarse sand.

Good Luck!

By Evelyn Lee

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Angus Joyce stood reading over the bill of fare of a cheap restaurant pasted on its street window. He calculated, fumbled the single coin in his pocket and started toward the open door.

A foot away was a young man thinly and poorly clad.

The manly impulse of helpfulness and generosity in Joyce's nature came to the surface. He linked his arm in that of the invalid and said genially:

"I have just enough for two portions of that plate dinner. Will you join me?"

"You—you understand—" stammered the other.

"That we are probably in the same boat, hungry?" intimated Joyce gently. "Oh, yes! It's my last half dollar, but I shall enjoy sharing it with one in somewhat harder lines, and he touched the hand that leaned heavily on the cane. Let me play the penny philanthropist. It may change my luck."

"It will bring you good luck, yes," spoke the other solemnly. "Take my prophecy, and I shan't forget you in a hurry," and then, gentlemen both, they discussed the plain but simple meal as enjoyably as though it was a royal banquet.

"You are the first real man I have met in a long time. Will you give me your address? I may be able to remember your goodness in time to come," said the beneficiary.

"I have none," replied Joyce promptly. "The truth is, unless I get work today I can hardly return to my landlady."

"I have a shelter, it is humble, poor, but paid for up to Saturday night. Let me pencil it down for you. Promise me to share it with me if a park bench is facing you."

"I agree," pledged Joyce, and they parted.

Joyce had a number of prospects. The failure of a firm where he had held a lucrative position deprived him of some money he had invested with them, and his salary for an entire month. He had sought a new position but it was in the vacation season.

At a street car intersection he found a nickel, invested it in some cheap rolls and betook himself to a little park. It began to rain. He traveled from shelter to shelter. Chancing to note a number of a doorway he had entered he discerned that he had reached the address of "Robert Page." Joyce through inquiry was directed to a wretched room in the attic. A candle burned, but the apartment had no tenant at the present time. Joyce sat down, glad to rest. Then his eye fell upon a table. He could not help but notice there a newspaper clipping. It read:

"Winston Page, 501 Buena terrace, will be tendered a banquet at the Metropole by his banker associates this evening. He leaves for Europe with his daughter on the seventh."

Beside this was a written sheet and an envelope. At that moment Robert Page entered the room.

"You!" he cried in accents of joy. "It seems you are always to be of service to me. Friend, more than that—brother, my whole future depends upon the delivery of a letter by nine o'clock tonight. I have no money to employ a messenger."

"Command me, as always," announced Joyce cheerily.

"There is the address," said Page, and he placed the letter in an envelope. "'Miss Alvira Page, 501 Buena terrace.' Wait until after nine, for by then—a—a person who might question you will have left the house."

It was well after nine when Joyce reached a residence on an exclusive street. Its front door stood open. He penetrated the vestibule. In the hall, lying flat upon the floor, bound and gagged, was a liveried servant. Joyce surmised something wrong. He released the man. "What's the trouble?" he asked rapidly.

"Looters. They have forced my young mistress to take them to the plateroom where the jewel cases are."

The released captive led Joyce into a library, tore open a wall case and provided both with weapons.

"You remain below and telephone for the police," directed Joyce and he stole up the stairs. He glanced through the open doorway of a lighted room. In a chair over which hovered a burly ruffian with a pistol crouched a girl whose beauty was dimmed with the pallor of a terrible dread. Loading into a sack the opulent contents of a brass bound chest was a second ruffian. His weapon lay upon a stand. With a quick dash Joyce possessed himself of the pistol and, doubly armed, covered both of the baffled burglars.

It was not until the police had divested the thieves of their booty and taken them in charge that Joyce found an opportunity to deliver the letter to Miss Page. In a flutter of wild agitation she at once insisted that he take her to her brother.

Amid the squalor of the wretched tenement room Angus Joyce witnessed the restoration to his family of a reckless youth, a wanderer from the home roof. His part in the same, his rescue of the Page diamonds and plate from the looters made him three stanch friends.

And Robert Page had called him "brother," and when a year had gone by and Angus Joyce had regained his old social position there was reason to believe that the prophecy of good fortune was to come to fullness complete.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

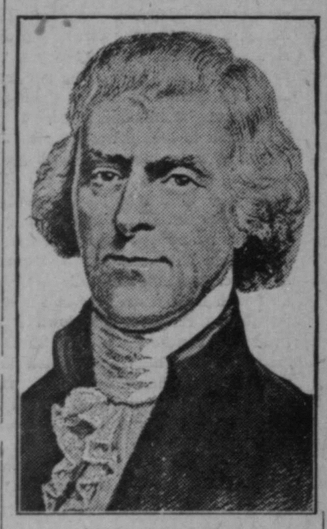
PEN OF THE REVOLUTION

1743—April 13, born at Shadwell, Va.
1767—Admitted to the bar.
1769-74—Member of House of Burgesses.
1774-76—Member of congress.
1776-79—Member Virginia assembly.
1779-81—Governor.
1783-84—Member of congress.
1784-89—Minister to France.
1790-93—Secretary of state.

THOMAS JEFFERSON as much as
Abraham Lincoln,
Was nursed at the breast
Of the unexhausted West.

At the time of his birth beneath one of its foothills the Blue Ridge of Virginia was the American frontier. The farm on which he was born had been cleared in the wild forest by his pioneer father when the smoke of a neighbor's chimney hardly could be seen from his cabin door.

When he rode east, with his darling fiddle under his arm, to be a student at William and Mary college, the tall, slender, sandy-haired, snub-nosed, freckled-faced seventeen-year-old boy of the frontiersman never had seen a mansion, a church or a village of twenty houses, and he looked with a stranger's eyes upon the baronial



Jefferson in 1775.

pride and display of the old families who formed the viceregal court at Williamsburg.

To support the large family of his mother on their too small farm Jefferson turned to the law. In seven years at the bar he doubled his estate and increased his slaves to 400. Buying the little mountain at whose feet he was born, he built upon its summit from plans of his own drawing, with bricks of his own making and with wood of his own cutting, the noblest house in all Virginia. There at Monticello he made his home ever after.

Jefferson's law practice continued rapidly to grow until it amounted to $2,500 a year, when he abandoned it forever to prosecute George III in the great and general court of mankind. He had heard the first call of the Revolution while a law student in Williamsburg. Its clarion had been ringing in his ears ever since he stood, an eager looker-on, in the door of the house of burgesses. He saw Washington in his seat and he saw his own friend, Patrick Henry, a fiddling Virginian like himself, holding the floor amid cries of treason as he invited the king to profit by the example of Caesar, who had his Brutus, and Charles I, who had his Cromwell.

The sword, the tongue and the pen of American freedom were well met that memorable day. After the pen had waited twelve years for its turn to speak Jefferson sat in the congress at Philadelphia. The squire of Monticello was a silent member, as silent as the squire of Mount Vernon. Opportunity and duty went straight to those two speechless congressmen as the needle leaps to a loadstone.

After serving as governor of Virginia and member of congress Jefferson was sent as minister to the court of France. "You replace Doctor Franklin," the Count Vergennes said to him on his arrival in Paris. "I succeed him," the new envoy happily replied; "no one can replace Doctor Franklin."

Six weeks and a day after he had seen that old France of the Bourbons crash beneath the walls of the Bastille Jefferson left Paris to become our first secretary of state. Taking his seat at the right of Washington he was face to face across the cabinet table with Alexander Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury.

By nature and training the two were as opposite in their political opinions as in their chairs, and they found themselves, as Jefferson said, "pitted like fighting cocks." As they fought and the feathers flew a great crowd collected behind each to urge on its favorite in that cocking main over which Washington had the unhappiness to preside. Quickly all the people in the land took one side or the other and formed themselves into the two political parties which with changing names and changing disputes have divided the country to this day.

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